

Revenge

The Sears Tower is like a dim sore thumb sticking up from downtown Chicago. Dark clouds cover the evening sky, giving me and all of the fascinated onlookers a depressing feeling. *Just right for a murder*, I thought. *Just like my daughter's*. One year ago today, it had happened. I can vividly remember what happened. My daughter, Angela, and me were walking along the sidewalk to the Navy Pier having just visited the John Hancock Center when we heard shots being fired. The police were pursuing a man carrying a large sack. Suddenly, he had grabbed my daughter and used her as a shield, just as an officer fired the killing shot. But it had killed Angela, and as the man ran away, I stood helplessly as my daughter screamed and died.

So, in the hopes of being able to avenge her death, I had joined the US Marshal Service. Since then, I had not been able to catch him at all. But now, he had robbed a Federal Bank and I was being sent by the Supreme Court to catch him and bring him to justice. He was supposed to meet someone at the Sears Tower to give the money to, and I would nab him. "Hey buddy," said a security guard. "You waiting for something? There is no loitering on these premises." "You can't do anything to me," I told him. He nodded. The security guards at the Tower had been informed of my presence earlier.

Then I saw him. He was standing there confidently, as though waiting for someone. Slowly I reached for the .45 pistol inside my jacket, waiting for the chance to avenge Angela's death. Then I saw the Security guard walk up to him. He exchanged pleasantries with the murderer and they both glanced at me. Suddenly the two reached inside their jackets. The murderer had an Uzi and the guard had a pistol!

Both of them fired at me, a few of the Teflon-coated bullets nearly penetrating my Kevlar vest. All of the people ducked and headed out the door. Some dialed 911. Sweat running down my head and adrenaline pumping in, my veins, I recovered from the impact of the bullets. I angrily drew my own gun and shot. The first bullet found its mark in the murderer's left rib. The Security guard was shot through the knee. As if on queue, Chicago Police began to flood the room, accompanied by paramedics. I was approached, but once they saw my six pointed US Marshal badge, they let me off.

The murderer and his accomplice had been safely apprehended and now my daughter was avenged. Both of them would be tried for assault with a firearm, and the murderer already was wanted for robbery, fraud, assault, and manslaughter. Most likely, he would die in jail. Smiling, I thought about how happy Angela would be, knowing that justice had been done. As I walked out of the Sears Tower lobby, I saw the sun glinting off the dark glass panes, making them shine.